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The Farmer.

From N. E. Farmer.

BUGS ON VINES.

Mr Editor:—As the bugs are a great hindrance to the growth of vines, I will suggest for the benefit of my brother farmers, what I think will prove a remedy.

I noticed in a paper last year, that the writer had not seen any squashes that looked as flourishing as a lot of marrow squashes adjoining the Ocean house, Philips' Beach, Lynn, which you know is on the seashore. The thought struck me that the application of salt brine would effectually prevent the destruction of the vines. Care should be taken not to use it so freely as to destroy the vine. I shall try it this year and hope others will do the same, and give you the result of the experiment.

A Farmer of Middlesex.

We are glad to have this subject again brought up. It was we, ourself, who saw the field of squashes near the Ocean House. It was many per cent. better than any other field of marrow squashes that we saw in the course of the season. We thought, to, with our correspondent, that the salt of the ocean was the cause of their preservation. We hope our Middlesex farmers and others will try the salt or brine. We will suggest too, where it is convenient, that a little nitra of potash (saltpeter,) or nitrate of soda, be used with the salt, for these are thought to be peculiarly favorable to the growth of vines. But we have fears that this method will not answer our purpose entirely. For the great mischief is done by a fly, that deposites eggs on the stalk of the vine near the ground, and these eggs produce worms which in August eat the pith of the stalk and root, thus bringing death Now it may be that the fly does not like to live in the salt atmosphere of the beach, and for that reason the vines there are untouched by it. And yet the salt which it would do to put round the vines, where the fly does live, may be insufficient to keep it off. But let us try it.

We tried last season to keep the fly off by putting offensive smelling matters around thehills—but without any benefit.—*Editor N. E. Farmer.*

New Reaping Machine. The editor of the Richmond Compiler was present, a few days since, at an exhibition of a Reaping Machine, invented by Mr McCormick, of Rockbridge, Virginia, the operation of which he thus describes in a recent number of his paper:—

"The machine, placed on small wheels, was moved by two horses around the rye field in which the exhibition took place, at a quick pace, making a clear passage through the grain as it moved, about five feet wide. This it did with a completeness which it is impossible for the cradle to accomplish.—This machine would effectually destroy the vocation of the 'Gleaner," who has been, in times bye-gone, the subject of many a pretty story or pleasant poem. The wheels of the machine keep in constant motion a saw, with edge and teeth not unlike a reaphook, which saws down the grain as it is bent and forced against its edge by a revolving apparatus, resembling a seine reel. The grain falls upon a bed or platform just behind the teeth, whence it is raked by hand. This raking of the grain away is the most laborious part of the process—so rapidly does it accumulate that it is difficult to keep it properly cleared.

Productiveness of the White Sugar Beet. One of the proprietors of the New Genesee Farmer, last Summer procured at the Rochester Seed Store, twenty-five cents' worth of White Sugar Beet seed, which was soaked three or four days in warm rain water, and then sowed in five drills, one hundred and forty feet long and two feet apart The soil was black muck, but had been somewhat exhausted by four or five successive crops of potatoes without manure; and previous to being sowed with beets, had only received a moderate quantity of stable manure, ploughed in, and the land then harrowed and cross-plowed into ridges, as before mentioned. The top of each ridge was then parted length wise by the end of the hoe-handle and the seeds dropped in about two inches apart, slightly covered and trod down. When the plants were up and of proper size, a small plough was run each way between the rows and the grass and weeds pulled up; the vacancies where also filled by transplanting from places where the plants needed thinning out, and afterwards wpere found to be too thick, the smaller ones were used for greens. When pulled late in the fall, they filled a two bushel basket heaping full FORTY-EIGHT times, after the tops had been cut off!—ninety-eight bushels from a strip of land, on the edge of a potatoe patch, 140 by 10 feet—equal to 2,986 bushels to an acre! Many were from eighteen inches to two feet in circumferance, and tapered off to a point, with but few roots.—They were mostly solid, free from strings or pith, and when boiled for table use, during the winter, were tender sweet and juicy.—It need not be added that cattle eat such food raw voraciously, and so far as this experciment goes, hay and beets are next thing to grass for cows that give milk.—*New Genesee Farmer.*

Well said. 'Husband, I don't know where that boy got his bad temper—not from *me*, I'm sure.'

'No, my dear, for I don't perceive that you have *lost* any !'

A man who gives his children a habit of industry provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.

Miscellaneous.

Mr. Editor: Believing it to be the true doctrine for us country folks to encourage our own, I send you the following story, to teach others the same lesson which I have more than once learned to my sorrow in a similar way. The Jew pedlars as well as all sorts of all nations are as thick as you please this season, and are up to all manner of tricks Please publish the story and oblige one who has been most essentially SHAVED.

Barnet, 1843.

From the Portsmouth Journal.

"ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN."

We must "live and learn," my dear, said Franklin Q—— to his young wife, when he saw her bemoaning a new coffee-pot melted down on the hot stove. She never forgot her impression on seeing the brilliant article leaning first like the tower of Pisa, and then sinking into obscurity, like a rich man retiring from business to become a mere shining lump of ruins; nor did she forget the remark. Neither was she unmindful of another favorite sentiment of her Franklin:—"Economy is so legibly written on all the works of creation, it is a virtue which no one should despise."

Every opportunity that offered for the exercise of this virtue was duly improved. The cellar door never opened without exhibiting an evidence of it—for behind it hung a huge memento in the shape of a rag bag, of about a bushel capacity—an open reception for every little shred of cloth. Now and then it would receive a larger deposite in the shape of an old dress which had undergone the mutations of fashion as well as sundry rents from the door catch—and having become too fragile by frequent ablutions, was in consequence passed to this "last depository of all things—cotton. These last deposits, however, were not usually made in a moment—nor always without bright colors—where it had been worn, &c., all seemed to plead that it might once again renew its age in a bed covering. It is brought to the test,—"it won't bear quilting," is the verdict, and is consigned to its resting place.

In the course of a year the ponderous bag gradually fills to overflowing; and as true economy does not consist in hoarding up, but rather in turning everything to the best account, Lucy is on a lookout for a market for her stock. There is a rap at the door.

'Do you want to buy any tin ware, marm'?

'Believe not to-day—have more now than we like to keep bright.'

'But I have some of the best you ever saw—all made by machinery, and cheap as dirt. Just look at this cake box—all planished tin, bright as a looking-glass."

'What do you ask for it ?'

'Only a dollar, in rags—or cash, 75 cents.'

At the sound of rags, the long collecting stock comes over her mind—and the cake box being a desirable article, she concludes to take it, and the rag bag is hung in the pedlar's steelyards.

'Just twenty pounds, marm;—at a cent and a half a pound they come to thirty cents. So I want seventy cents to make us square.'

The burden of the rag bag was removed from her mind, and the shining purchase was before her—so the seventy cents were paid over without calculation, and after answering in the negative the inquiry—'Nothing else, marm ?' he departed to gather up all the rags in the neighborhood.

Lucy closed the door, placed her purchase in the closet, and hung up the empty rag bag for re-filling.

When Mr Franklin Q—— had seated himself by the fireside that evening, conning over as usual the events of the day, he remarked—

I think Lucy, I have received a lesson to-day which will make me more careful hereafter.

Well, Frank, you know we must 'live and learn,' so let me hear what it is.

When I was sitting at my desk to-day, making out bills, a Jew travelling merchant came in and offered me 'some superior steel pens of his own importation,' as he said at nine shillings a gross. I thought I could not get them cheaper of an importer, and so I took a gross. A few hours after I chanced to step into a store near market square, and who should I see but the same Jew merchant packing up a dozen boxes of pens he had just purchased ? But what made me feel bad was to learn that the fellow had to pay seventy-five cents per gross for them.

What ! said Lucy, did you pay the Jew double price for *importing* only from Market square to your shop ?

I did so indeed, but will never do it again, that's certain; and the only way to be secure from such knaves, is to make a rule, which you may write down and stick up over the mantel piece :

Never to purchase an article of a traveling pedlar which can be obtained at a regular store.

There must be one exception to this rule, Frank—I must add—'*Except when we pay in old rags.*'

Better not add it, Lucy, sooner burn your rags.

Burn my rags ? why, where is your economy, Frank ? I guess you will think rags are of some value when you see what I have purchased with them to-day.

(The closet is now opened, and the cake-box makes its appearance.) Do you think now our old rags are of no value ?

Mr Q—— was a little abashed, and was almost disposed to accede to the exception. How many pounds of rags did you give, my dear, for that splendid affair ?

The price was one dollar in rags, or seventy-five cents in cash. As I wanted to trade away the rags I concluded to pay for it in that way. They weighed twenty pounds; not quite so much as I expected, and so I paid him 70 cents to make up the dollar.

And so, Lucy, he has got your rags for less than quarter of a cent a pound, if his price of the article is right—but its real value at our town shops is only fifty cents. So you see that you have not only given your rags away, but twenty cents beside? Now is it not better to burn your rags than deal with a pedlar ?

You are right, Frank, I will stick up the motto without *any* exceptions. But I can't consent to burn the rags; I'll tell you what I will do—If you will sit down, and with one of your *Jew pens* write a letter to the printer, warning every body not to deal with traveling pedlars, you may say in it that Mrs Lucy Q—— will send him all her old rags for five years. Tell him to put in great capitals—HAVE NO DEALINGS WITH PEDLARS. Also begin it and end it with saying, what every body should practice—

'ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN.'

HOMESPUN YARN.

THE 'EXPERIENCE' OF THE BLACKSMITH OF THE MOUNTAIN PASS.

CHAPTER I.

At the entrance to one of those gorges or gaps in the great Apalachien chain of mountains, in their passage across the northern portion of Georgia, a black smith had erected his forge, in the early settlement of that country by the American race, and drove a thrifty trade in the way of facing axes and pointing ploughs for the settlers, and shoeing horses for wayfaring people in their transit through the country to examine gold mines and land.

As he was no ordinary personage in the affairs of his neighborhood, and will make a conspicuous figure in this narrative some account of his peculiarities will not be uninteresting.—Having acted through life on a homely maxim of his own—"pay up as you go up," he had acquired some money and was out of debt and consequently enjoyed the "glorious privilege of being independent," in a degree that is unknown to many who occupy a larger portion of this world's attention than himself. He was burly, a well looking man of thirty-five, just young enough to feel that all his faculties, mental and physical, had reached their greatest developement, and just old enough to have amassed sufficient experience of men and things, to make the past serve as finger posts to his future journey through life. With a shrewd, but open, bold and honest look, there was a gleeful expression in the course of his eyes, that spoke of fun. The "laughing devil in his eye" was not a malicious spirit however. His physical conformation was that which combined great strength and agility, and if he had been fated to have been a contempory of his great prototype, Vulcan, there can be no doubt but the Lemntan blacksmith would have allotted to him a front forge in his establishment, to act as a sort of pattern card, and to divert the public gaze from his own game leg to the fair proportions of his foreman.

Now, although Ned Forgeron, for such was the name he had inherited from some Gallic ancestor, was a good natured man, yet the possession of great muscular strength and courage, and the admiration which a successful exercise of his power never failed to command, had somewhat spoiled him. Without meaning to injure any mortal, he had managed nevertheless, to try his powers on sundry of his neighbors, and from the success which always crowned his honest efforts in that way, had unconsciously acquired the character of a *bully*.

With very few early advantages of elementary education, he had nevertheless, at different periods, collected a mass of heterogeneous information. which he was very fond of displaying on all occasions. He was a sort of political antiquary, and could tell the opinion of Mr Jefferson or Mr Madison, on any subject and was referred to on all disputed points of the theory and his tory of the government, that arose among the candidates for legislature and country politicians. This he studied on account of the consequences it invested him with. But why he had treasured up an old and well thumed copy of Paine's 'Age of reason,' and affected skepticism as to the veracity of the story of Jonah and the whale, and Balaam and his ass, would be hard accounting for, unless it proceeded from the desire of a character for singularity and erudition. When vanity once gets the mastery of man's reason, there is no telling the absurdities it will lead him into. He was fond of speaking of Volney, and being found with a copy of Taylor's 'Diegesis' in his hand, although few of his neighbors had heard of the author of the 'Ruins,' or knew what Diegesis meant.

This peculiarity, together with the pertinacity of the missionaries, Worcester and Butler, which carried them to the penitentiary, may account for the great aversion of Mr Edward Forgeron to all preachers of the Gospel. His dislike for them was so excessive, that he could scarcely speak of the hypocritical scoundrels, as he called them, without flying into a passion and using indecorous language.

But a circumstance occurred which gave his zeal a distinct and sectarian direction.—A methodist preacher over in Tennessee, who was fond of spicing his discourse with anecdotes, once made him the principal character in a long sermon. His peculiarities were dilated on, and his heresies dealt with, in becoming severity. He was ridiculed by the preacher. All this came to the ears of Forgeron, with such additions and embellishments as a story unusually receives in passing to a third person. It would be as useless to attempt to describe a mountain storm, as to picture the wrath of this mountaineer. But if we cannot portray the storm the consequences may be easily told. *The blacksmith swore in his wrath that he would whip every Methodist preacher that passed the gap, in revenge for his insult.*

Forgeron was a man of his word, as the bruised features of many of John Wesley's disciples could testify. His character soon went abroad, and the good old matrons of the surrounding counties on each side of the mountains, trembled at his name. In short, the mountain pass, which was really as romantic a place as a landscape painter would seek for a picture, and was just the place to remind a youth fresh from his classic studies, of the place where Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans fell, in attempting to defend Greece against the army of Xerxes;—in despite of the grandeur of its beetling cliffs, and the beauty of its verdure, was associated in the minds of many pious persons with the *broad gate* that leads to destruction. And Ned Forgeron, the handsome blacksmith, was invested with the attributes of his Satanic majesty, by many a mountain girl, who would doubtless have fallen in "love at first sight' with him, under any other name

The preacher whose curcuit lay on either side of the mountain, at the time Ned's direful edict was promulgated to the world, was a meek and lowly man, who approached nearly in his natural disposition to willing obedience to the mandate relative to turning the cheek to the smiter. The soul passed many sleepless nights in view of the fate that awaited him in the mountain pass. In his dreams he saw Forgeron with a huge sledge hammer ready to dash out his brains, and would start with such violence as to wake himself. He enquired if their was no other place at which the mountain could be passed, only to learn his doom more certainly. Being a timid man, but withal devoutly impressed with a sense of duty, he resolved to discharge his duty faithfully, be the consequences what they might. Like a lamb going to the slaughter did he wend his way toward the gap: as he came in front of the shop, the blacksmith was striking the last blow on a shovel and singing the tune of Clear the kitchen,'—

Old Georgia is a noble state,
Her laws are good and her people great.'

On catching a glimpse of the parson, who had flattered himself that he was about to pass with impunity, Ned sung out—'Stop there you eternal shad belly, and pay the penalty for my injured reputation.'

The holy man protested innocence of having never intentionally injured him, by word or deed.

The man's subdued looks and earnest voice had half dissuaded Ned from his stern purpose when the giggling of his striker and the cheering of two or three idlers, nerved him to do what he felt was mean. Let any one pause a moment, and reflect if he has never been urged on to acts his conscience smote him for, by the opinions of others, before Mr Forgeron is sentenced as a devil. The preacher received boxes on the ears, and heard many denunciations against his sect before he was permitted to depart; and when that permission was received, he was not slow in availing himself of the privilege

At the next annual conference when circuits were assigned to the different preachers, this one made his appearance punctually, but by some process of casuistry, convinced himself that his duty did not call for a revelation of his sufferings. If he was too sensitive of the blacksmith's character to expose it to rude remark, or if he had a preference that some worthier brother should occupy that healthy station among the mountains, is difficult to conjecture. But Forgeron's reputation had extended beyond the circuit, and was done ample and severe justice to by others, who had heard of his fame.—It soon became the subject of animated conversation, and there was no little wincing, each one fearing it would be his cruel fate to be sent a victim to appease the wrath of this human minoteour against the Methodist church:

After a time it was agreed that the Reverend Mr Subbleworth was the doomed individual, and when the annunciation came many an eye of mingled pity and curiosity was turned on his ruddy good natured face, to see how the dispensation was borne, but not a muscle was moved. With a quiet smile, he expressed a perfect willingness to go where he was sent. He was 'clay in the hands of the potter,' he said.—If he piqued himself on a stolid indifference to the blacksmith, pummeling, or if he relied on his ample dimensions to protect himself, he never disclosed, but appeared as self-satisfied and content as ever. His predecessor looked for all the world like a mouse just escaped from the fangs of some terrible grimalkin.

Mr Subbleworth arranged his few sublunary affairs, and bidding his friends adieu, mounted his old roam, and departed for his new home of trials with a song of hope on his lips. Let us hope the best for him.

CHAPTER II.

The Rev. Mr Stubbleworth was very much pleased with his new situation. Having been transferred from a level pine woods country, near the confines of Florida, the novelty of the mountain scenery and a pure bracing atmosphere, seemed to inspire him with new life. Complimenting all the mothers on the singular beauty and inteligence of their children, with a delicate allusion to their own personal appearance, he soon became a general favorite. Mr. Stubbleworth 'knew which side of his bread the butter was on.'

The time arriving for his departure to visit the tramontane portion of his pastoral care, he was warned of the dangers he was about to encounter, but they were heard with the same placid smile. The worthy ladies pictured to him 'chimeras dire,' sufficient to have abated the zeal of any other individual. But that gentleman quieted their fears, by appealing to the power that 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb' with a countenance as lamb like as could be imagined — And he departed—singing—

At home, or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy wants may demand, shall thy strength ever be

They watched him, until his portly person and horse grew dim in the distance, and then turned away, sighing that such a good man should fall into the hands of that monster the blacksmith.

Forgeron had heard of his new victim, and rejoiced that his size and appearance furnished a better subject for his vengeance than the attenuated frame of the late parson. Oh, what a nice beating he would have! He had heard, too, that some Methodist preachers were rather spirited, and hoped this one might prove so, that he might provoke him to fight.—Knowing that the preacher must pass on Sunday in the afternoon, he gave his striker a holiday, and reclining on a bench, regaled himself on the beauties of Tom Paine, awaiting the arrival of the preacher.

It was not over an hour before he heard the words—

'How happy are they who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above,'

sung in a clear full voice; and soon the vocalist, turning in the angle of a rock rode leisurely up, with a contented smile on his face.

'How are you old slabsides ? Get off your horse and join in my devotions,' said the blacksmith.

'I have many miles to ride,' replied the preacher, 'and haven't time my friend, I'll call as I return.'

'Your name is Stubbleworth, and you are the hypocrite the Methodists have sent, eh ?'

'My name is Stubbleworth,' he replied meekly.'

'Didn't you know my name was Ned Forgeron, the blacksmith, *what* whips every Methodist minister that goes through this gap ?' was asked with an audacious look. 'And how dare you come here ?'

The preacher replied that he heard Forgeron's name, but presumed he did not molest well behaved travellers.

'You presumed so. You are the most presumptuous people, you Methodists, that ever trod shoe-leather, any how. Well, what'll you do if I don't whip you this time, you beef-headed disciple, you ?'

Mr Stubbleworth professed his willingness to do any thing reasonable to avoid such penance.

'Well, there's three things you have to do or I'll maul you into a jelly. The first is you are to quit preaching: the second is, you must wear this last will and testament of Tom Paine next to your heart; read it every day and believe every word you read; and the third is, you are to curse the Methodists in every crowd you get into.'

The preacher looked on during these novel propositions, without a line of his face being moved, and at the end replied that the terms were unreasonable and he would not submit to them.

'Well, you have got a *whaling* to submit to, then I'll larrup yod like blazes! I'll tear you into doll rags, corner ways! Get down, you long faced hypocrite.'

The preacher remonstrated, and Forgeron walked up to the horse and threatened to tear him off if he did not dismount; whereupon the worthy man made a virtue of necessity, and dismounted.

'I have but one request to make, my friend; that is, that you won't beat me with this over coat on. It was a present from the ladies of my last circuit, and I do not wish to have it torn.'

'Off with it, and that suddenly, you brazen faced imp, you.'

The Methodist preacher slowly drew off his surcoat, as the blacksmith continued his tirade of abuse on himself and his sect, and as he drew his right hand from the sleeve and threw his garment behind him, he dealt Mr Forgeron a tremendous blow between his eyes, which laid that person at full length on the ground, with the *testament* of Thomas Paine beside him. The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth, with the tact of a connoisseur in such matters, did not wait for his adversary to rise, but mounted him with the quickness of a cat, bestowed his blows with a bounteous hand, on the stomach & face of the blacksmith, continuing his song where he had left off, on his arrival at the smith s—

'Tongue cannot express,
The sweet comfort and peace,
Of a soul in its earliest love.'

Until Mr Forgeron, from having experienced "first love,' of some other sensation, equally new to him, responded hastily,—' 'Nough! 'nough! 'nough! Take him off!' But unfortunately there was no one by to perform that kind office except the old roan, and he munched a bunch of grass and looked on as quietly as if his master was *happy* at a camp meeting.

'Now,' said Mr Stubbleworth, 'there are three things *you* must promise *me*, before I let you get up.'

'What are they ?' asked Forgeron eagerly.

'The first is, that you will never molest a Methodist preacher again.' Here Ned's pride rose and he hesitated; and the reverend gentleman with his usual benign smile on his face, renewed his blows, and sung—

'I rode on the sky, freely justified I,
And the moon was under my feet.'

This oriental language overcame the blacksmith! Such bold figures, or something else, and caused him to sing out, 'We'll I'll do it—I'll do it!'

'You are getting on very well,' said Mr. Stubbleworth—'I think I can make a decent man of you yet, and perhaps a christian.'

Ned groaned.

'The second thing I require of you is to go to Pumkinvine Creek meeting-house, and hear me preach tomorrow.

Ned attempted to stammer some excuse—'I—I—that is—'

When the divine resumed his devotional hymn and kept time with the music, striking him over the face with the fleshy part of the hand—

'My soul mounted higher, on a chariot of fire,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat.'

Ned's promise of punctuality caused the parson's exercise to cease, and the words redolent of gorgeous imagery, died away in echoes from the adjacent crags.

'Now the third and last demand I make of you is peremptory.' Ned was all attention to know what was to come next. 'You are to promise to seek religion day and night, and never rest until you obtain it at the hands of a merciful Redeemer. The fallen man looked at the declining sun, and then at the parson, and knew not what to say, when the latter individual began to raise his voice in a song once more, and Ned knew what would come next.